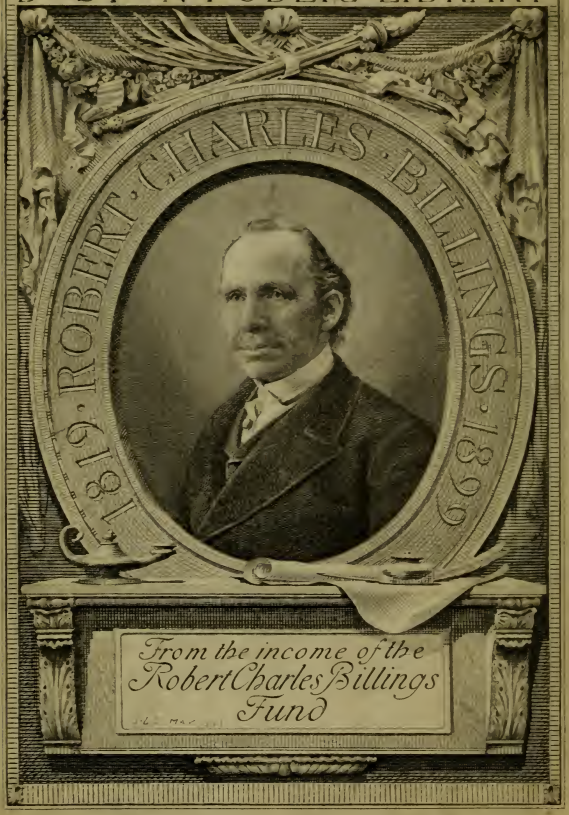

THE PENNY POETS—LX

NEW SCENES FROM SHAKSPEARE

FOR THE

SCHOOLROOM

AND THE

SCHOLAR.

FOR READING, RECITATION, AND AS FURTHER STUDIES IN LITERATURE, WITH PROSE INTRODUCTIONS FROM "LAMB'S TALES."

SELECTED AND ARRANGED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND QUESTIONS, BY

ROBERT S. WOOD.

(Author of Macmillan's Word-Structure and Composition Series; and Editor of "Famous National Songs"—No. 65 of the Penny Poets).

PART IV.

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OF THE

New Scenes from Shakspeare

FOR THE

SCHOOLROOM AND THE SCHOLAR.

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PART IV.

CONTENTS.

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OFFICE.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

PREFACE.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

In presenting this fourth number of "Poems for the Schoolroom and the Scholar" to the public, I would specially guard against the assumption that this collection of Shakspearean pieces is only suitable for the Schoolroom and the Scholar.

I hope that they may be used extensively in the home, and in those circles of friends and associates where the secret—the open secret—has been discovered of the charm and fascination of "acting," even although the piece acted is ever so slight, and the stage one end of a sitting-room. All human beings are born actors. Children act naturally as soon as they can toddle, and often before. Acting or gesture language preceded the use of the lips, and there is a joy in reversion to the primitive ways of our remote ancestors which is almost universally felt.

The great difficulty in the way of getting up these charades of the drawing-room, or of the servants' hall, has hitherto been the difficulty of obtaining pieces suitable for dramatic representation that were not too long or too difficult for the improvised stage company of the household or the family party. Another obstacle has been the price at which such charades or acting plays or sections of plays alone could be procured. Both these obstacles are surmounted by the present number of the "Penny Poets."

Everyone can have his own "book," and the selections are so arranged by Mr. Wood that there is no longer any difficulty in choosing a piece. Those in this little volume are well within the range of everyone's memory.

I shall esteem it a particular favour if teachers, parents, or amateur actors who make use of this Book will communicate with me the result of their experience, especially if such experience suggests any practical improvements or developments in this series of Shakspearean selections. I suggested in the last Christmas number of the "Penny Poets" the possibility of a revival of the latent dramatic talent of the English-speaking race, and I shall indeed be proud and grateful if this little volume should contribute, however slightly, to so desirable an end.

Teachers who need considerable quantities of these books for use in their schools should communicate with my business Manager, at Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.

W. T. STEAD.

POEMS FOR THE SCHOOLROOM AND THE SCHOLA

PART IV.

SHAKSPEARE FOR THE YOUNG.

FURTHER STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

INTRODUCTION.

By ROBERT S. WOOD.

The Teaching of Literature in Schools.

I.—ITS EDUCATIONAL VALUE AND THE NEED FOR ITS ENCOURAGEMENT.

The vivifying and liberal spirit recently introduced into our National Education system is calculated to have far-reaching results in spreading truer ideas of what are child nature, and its tastes, needs, and possibilities; and further of permanently influencing the culture of the young, through more attractive, rational, and humanising methods and courses of instruction.

In the past there have been few encouragements and opportunities for the teacher to lead his pupils by the hand along the pleasant paths of Literature into the delightful realms where fancy and imagination reign.

Among the many excellent instruments of study suited for developing, disciplining, and shaping the intellect and character, and for training and refining the taste and conduct, there are none more suitable and profitable than that supplied by our own unapproachable dramatic poet, the study of whose greatness is in itself a liberal education.

In the last year of school life, the children of our Standards VI. or VII. might, with life-long advantage and pleasure, be introduced to a first course of Literature through the medium of such selections from our masterpieces as given in this and the preceding course of Poems and Dramatic Scenes in Parts II. and III. Such a course would be more popular and fruitful than a last year spent on the more formal exercises in English Grammar as is now the practice.

To the value of Shakspeare's writings as an instrument of culture in spreading light and sweetness, and as an appropriate introduction to later and mature

n and the experiences of life, the late Archbishop Trench bore forcible ny in his fine lines :—

"A Counsellor well fitted to advise
In daily life, and at whose lips no less
Men may enquire or nations, when distress
Of sudden doubtful danger may arise ;
This is the poet, true of heart and wise.
His words have past
Into man's common thoughts and work-day phrase ;
This is the poet, and his verse will last."

In arranging a selection of suitable pieces for recitation by the young, and in presenting them in a form attractive and helpful, the words of Tranio in the *Taming of the Shrew* are sane and to the point, and should be worn as frontlets before the teacher's eyes :—

"No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en."

II.—HOW NOT TO TEACH SHAKSPEARE TO THE YOUNG.

To kill off all interest in the initial stage, and to repel for the future, no better plan could be followed than to subordinate Shakspeare entirely to examination needs and to make his noble passages, allusions, and scenes a kind of happy hunting ground for the chase and conquest of etymological curiosities, difficult readings and allusions, subtle and nice distinctions respecting the subjunctive mood and those between the uses of *shall* and *will*, with a keen scent for any historical, antiquarian, and philological lore and surplusage that may be met during the expedition.

Charles and Mary Lamb's practical contribution to the Education of the Young, older even than the Victorian Era, was animated by very different ideals and methods. In their admirable preface to the well-known *Tales from Shakspeare*, they desired that the poet should prove to the youthful readers in later years "enrichers of the fancy, and strengtheners of virtue ; that his works should lead to a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts and become a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, and by their example teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, and humanity ; for of these virtues his pages are ever full."

Taught in this spirit, Byron's vigorous denunciation of his own training would not have been penned :—

"Farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
. . . . it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse."

To cultivate a true literary taste and love of reading when alone in the cottage by the fireside as well as in the schoolroom under the teacher's supervision, the "Scenes from Shakspeare for the Young" should not be treated as something solely to be analyzed, parsed, commented upon, worried and picked to pieces, but they should be studied as a whole, and the pupil should learn to appreciate them as a whole. Says a very common-sense examiner of his fellows : "The exaggerated way in which some examiners have teased children with senseless questions about meanings of words and allusions has led to the distraction of the children's minds from the real meaning of the poem. They cannot see the forest for the trees."

III.—HOW TO MAKE SHAKSPEARE POPULAR WITH THE YOUNG.

In teaching we require a true sense of proportion and fitness. Before beginning to read or recite any piece in class, the teacher should give a general outline and uncritical description of the play, its incidents, the actors, the scene of the action, and the development of the plot simply with the view of showing the scholar what each is about, to kindle some interest and whet the appetite for more, and not as a lesson to be learnt by heart.

Later he will carefully explain words and phrases, and disentangle any difficult constructions, and afterwards hunt out the geography, history, and etymology of the piece.

Treated in this way a real intellectual string will be left in the child's mind, with a substantial enlargement of the vocabulary. He will possess not a mere smattering—the tit-bits of knowledge—but a serviceable tincture of life-long culture and refinement.

IV.—HELPS TO THE CULTIVATION OF THE READING HABIT, MEMORISING, AND PLEASING ELOCUTION.

A very eminent and influential authority, Dr. Ogilvie, one of Her Majesty's Chief inspectors for Scotland, has recently (1897) borne official testimony to the value of the regular and systematic study of English Literature, and the encouragement and cultivation of the reading habit and recitation throughout the child's school life, and onward into the Evening Continuation School. He says:—

"The growing profusion of illustrated books and magazines is fostering a taste for Home Reading.

"Publishers are vying with each other in scattering our Classics broadly at purely nominal prices.

"The general outcome is that the children now find themselves in an environment where they are almost constrained to acquire the Reading Habit.

"The formation of this habit is the *first condition of subsequent self-improvement and self-education*.

"The repetition of Poetry in Schools is frequently given with considerable elocutionary effect.

"In the lower Standards the children are encouraged to prepare a variety of pieces of their own selection. Their interest is thus heightened in an exercise in itself attractive, and advantage is taken of the memory at its most plastic stage to lay up an amazingly large store of the choicest specimens of our literature.

"In this connection the series of Penny Poets proves of incalculable service, notably the selections entitled 'Poems for the Schoolroom and the Scholar.'"

In aiding the mind and memory, and winning and fixing the attention when learning by heart, the plan introduced in the various lyric poems, ballads, and dramatic scenes, of breaking up the pieces into stages and prefacing each by words giving the pith or gist of the accompanying passage, will be found of real service to the pupil. Instead of asking a child to begin at line "so and-so," he is directed to recite or read particular lines, thus: "Recite the passage which describes 'The Dream of Antigonus'" (see Scene I. from "The Winter's Tale").

Another profitable plan is to call upon a child to select and quote the particular lines in the play which refer, say, to the "Courtesy of Perdita," the teacher first reading aloud a longer passage which includes the lines in question. Thus the pupil is exercised and trained in careful, correct, and apt discrimination through appeals to his taste, judgment, and powers of appreciation.

The children's love of song may be used as a most effective aid to the perfect memorising of the simple poems and ballads in the earlier Books I. and II.

The plan, which has been attended by the happiest results, is to wed the words to the music of some of the fine English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish National airs now introduced and sung daily by millions of children in our primary schools.

A dozen pieces such as the "Mariners of England" will be readily learnt at home, if only the words are linked in sweet association with suitable and pleasing music.

These pieces will probably be sung years hence beside many a fireside and loom, hedgerow and field and deep down in mine, or up aloft on the mizzen-top.

V.—THE VALUE OF COMPARISON AND CONTRAST IN THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE.

CHARLES LAMB'S main idea was to bring vigorous, active, and noble minds and characters into personal and close contact with the pupils who were being taught. Whatever the method and systems of teaching may be, those will be accounted most successful which so influence the young that they produce future men and women of strong character, fearless courage, scrupulous honour and integrity, and with sufficient address and bearing, and activity of mind and body, to hold their own and do their duty manfully and honestly in the battle of life.

How can the study of the scenes in this and the preceding books be directed so as to plant the seeds of such ethical and æsthetic teaching in the impressionable mind and heart of the child is the important question that confronts the teacher of Literature, whose object is to teach every child what to admire, to hope for, and to love, for, with Tennyson, "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

No teaching will be of permanent value unless it serves to arouse the sleeping and latent mental faculties, awaken activity, unfold the intellect, and rouse the sympathies and interest.

It is with some such ideals before the teacher that the pupils should be led by pointed questioning to discover and express how the various words and actions of the persons in the play depict the varying phases of their characters.

In teaching *The Winter's Tale* and *King Henry VIII.* the attention may be directed to the passages indicating that Hermione and Katharine were both noble and long-enduring sufferers, pitiful, tender, and charitable, dignified in their natures, unselfish, just-minded, and patient.

In *Lear* the bonds uniting parent and child are broken with all their sad results. His pride, wilfulness, vanity, and passion, his sufferings, humiliation, grief, and reconciliation may be questioned upon and illustrated from the play.

Contrast Lear and Cordelia's sad end with the repentance and happier re-union and fate of Leontes and his lost and restored daughter, Perdita, in *The Winter's Tale.*

Perdita is of the same company with Miranda in *The Tempest* in her grace, beauty, girlish happiness, joyous innocence, tenderness, and contentment.

Perdita and Prince Florizel should remind them of Miranda and Prince Ferdinand in *The Tempest.* (See Book III.).

The youthful and beautiful figures should be contrasted with their graver and sadder elders in these scenes—with proud Polixenes, sad Leontes, wise and studious Prospero and his forgiveness of his unworthy brother, and some of the more beautiful and forcible expressions should be so pondered over and discussed as to bring out their true and inner meaning, wisdom and beauty, that "their loveliness may increase and never pass into nothingness."

Devoted and unselfish Kent's loyalty and fidelity to his lord, the rash Lear, will be placed side by side with the beautiful example of fidelity exhibited in *As You Like It* by old Adam to Orlando in risking all to accompany his master and share his sorrows, hardships, and wanderings. While Orlando and the exiled Duke will forcibly illustrate the wise and valuable teachings of adversity.

Then, again, the contrasts in Shylock and Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* will be noted. Portia's sweetness, gentleness, generosity, mercifulness, joyousness, and desire to make others happy will be set in marked contrast with Shylock's loneliness, bitterness of temper, hatred, hardness of nature, and greediness for gold. These may all provide occasion and rich and abundant material for thought, reflection, and helpful guidance and counsel in the conduct of life, as well as for disciplining, quickening, and strengthening the intellect, and increasing the child's command of language, and of correct and forcible expression throughout his future life.

In the questions which accompany the plays special attention is given to this treatment of the scenes, as it affords admirable means of afterwards exercising with advantage the pupil in the use of clear, concise, and accurate expression when writing English Composition.

VI.—THE EXERCISE OF THE DRAMATIC FACULTY.

In presenting the pieces to the class, use may be made, with advantage, of the dramatic faculty of the children and their love of realism.

It would not be difficult in the "Trial Scene" from *The Merchant of Venice* to form the class-room into an imaginary court, and let the better reciters, for the edification of the rest, take the parts of the Duke, seated above his fellows, and the other *dramatis personæ*, not forgetting Shylock, furnished with the stage knife and the scales. A popular "Children's Recitation Hour" in which every class takes some share might be arranged for once a week.

In the delightful scene at the "Sheep-shearers' Feast," taken by a mixed class of boys and girls, Perdita, laden with flowers and passing round the imaginary milkmaids and country lads (personated by her schoolfellows), would rouse enthusiasm, interest, and sympathy, and prove an admirable lesson in graceful deportment and modest bearing. Autolycus with his box of wares would yield great delight to the little performers and mimics.

Especially pleasing and profitable such methods might be to our adult Evening Continuation School pupils, who could form themselves into Cottage-Home Reading Circles for the study and recitation of such selections, to be afterwards reproduced at annual gatherings of friends and supporters of such institutions.

In concluding this highly pleasurable task of collecting practical and suitable specimens of Standard English Verse for a graduated and systematic course of early exercises in Literature, by adapting Shakspeare for the young, it is hoped that the selections will provide a fitting introduction to a more thorough, extended, and exhaustive study in later years of Shakspeare's mind, art, and genius as a dramatic craftsman; just as the climbing of Ben Nevis or Snowdon is an effective preparatory training for the scaling of some of the giant heights of the Himalayas.

R. S. WOOD.

St. Luke's, Bolton, 1897.

NEW SCENES FROM SHAKSPEARE.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST DRAMATIC POET (1564—1616).

WITH INTRODUCTIONS FROM LAMB'S "TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE."

(*Further Studies in Literature for the Young arranged for School Recitation and Performance in "Home Reading Circles"*).

"It is the writer's wish that the true plays of Shakspeare may prove to their readers in older years enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity; for of examples, teaching these virtues, his pages are full."—*From Charles Lamb's Preface to his Shaksperean Tales* (1775—1835).

SCENES FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE."

WHAT THE PLAY IS ABOUT.

THIS interesting play, with its charming picture of country life and scenes, as described in the rustic merrymaking at the Sheep Shearers' Feast, is concerned with the meeting of kindred after long parting, and with forgiveness and reconciliation brought about by Time, the great healer of many wrongs and trials.

Mother. Come, sir, now I pray you, sit by us
And tell's a tale.
Son. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Mother. As merry as you will.
Son. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Mother. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down; come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites.

THE STORY OF PERDITA, THE KING'S LOST DAUGHTER.

LEONTES, King of Sicily, and his queen, the beautiful and virtuous Hermione, once lived for a time in the greatest harmony together.

I.—THE KING'S TEMPER.—THE GREATLY WRONGED QUEEN HERMIONE.

But circumstances arose by which this life of happiness and peace was rudely ended, and of which the king's own evil thoughts were the sole cause. For Leontes, being seized with an ungovernable and evil spirit of rage and jealousy, suddenly became a savage and inhuman monster, and great sorrow and suffering came to his gentle and patient wife, Hermione, and much trouble and misery also befell other innocent persons.

The enraged king one day went in a fury to the queen's apartment, where the good lady was sitting with her little son, the prince Mamillus, who was just beginning to tell one of his best stories to amuse his mother, when the king entered, and taking the child away, sent Hermione to prison.

Mamillus, though but a very young boy, loved his kind and beautiful mother tenderly; and when he saw her so dishonoured, and found she was taken from him to be put in a prison, he took it deeply to heart, drooped and pined away by slow degrees, losing his appetite and his sleep, till it was thought his grief would kill him.

While the gentle and virtuous queen Hermione was in prison, the poor lady received much comfort from the sight of her pretty baby daughter, and she often said to it, "My poor little prisoner, I am as innocent of any wrong-doing as you are."

II.—HERMIONE IN PRISON WITH HER INFANT DAUGHTER.—THE KINDNESS OF THE NOBLE PAULINA, HER FRIEND.

Hermione had a kind friend in the noble-spirited Paulina, who was the wife of Antigonus, a Sicilian lord, and attendant on the king. When the lady Paulina heard her royal mistress was thus wronged, she went to the dungeon where Hermione was imprisoned, and said to Emilia, a lady who attended upon Hermione, "I pray you, Emilia, tell the good queen, if her Majesty dare trust me with her little babe, I will carry it to the king its father; we do not know how he may soften at the sight of his innocent child." "*Most worthy madam,*" replied Emilia, "*I will acquaint the queen with your noble offer: she was wishing to-day that she had any friend who would venture to present the child to the king.*" "And tell her," said Paulina, "that I will speak boldly to Leontes in her defence." *May you be for ever blessed,*" said Emilia, "*for your kindness to our gracious queen!*" Emilia then went to Hermione, who joyfully gave up her baby to the care of Paulina, for she had feared that no one would dare venture to present the child to its father, and thus, perhaps, quell his unreasonable temper.

Paulina took the infant babe and forced herself into the king's presence notwithstanding her husband, who, fearing the king's anger, endeavoured to prevent her. There she laid the baby at its father's feet, and Paulina made a noble speech to the king in defence of Hermione. She reproached him severely for his inhumanity, and implored him to have mercy on his devoted and suffering wife. But Paulina's spirited remonstrances only aggravated Leontes' displeasure, and he angrily ordered her husband Antigonus to take her from his presence.

III.—THE KING ORDERS ANTIGONUS TO EXPOSE HIS DAUGHTER ON A DESERT COAST.

When Paulina went away, she left the little baby at its father's feet, thinking, when he was alone with it, he would look upon it, and have pity on its helpless innocence.

The good Paulina was mistaken, for no sooner was she gone than the merciless father ordered Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to take the child and carry it out to sea, and leave it upon some desert shore to perish.

Antigonus too well obeyed the orders of Leontes; for he inmediately carried the child on ship-board, and put out to sea, intending to leave it on the first desert coast he could find.

IV.—TRIAL OF THE QUEEN.—DEATH OF THE INFANT PRINCE, THE HEIR.

So firmly was the king persuaded of the guilt of Hermione in conspiring against his peace of mind that before the queen was recovered from her grief for the loss of her precious baby he had her brought to a public trial before all the lords and nobles of his court. While Leontes was speaking a man entered and told him that the little prince Mamillus, the heir to the throne, hearing his mother was to be tried for her life, struck with grief and shame, had suddenly died.

Hermione upon hearing of the death of this dear affectionate child, who had lost his life in sorrowing for her misfortune, fainted; and Leontes, pierced to the heart by the news, began to feel pity for his unhappy queen. He ordered Paulina, and the ladies who were her attendants, to take her away, and use means for her recovery. Paulina soon returned, and told the king that Hermione was dead.

V.—LEONTES BITTERLY REPENTS HIS CRUELTY.—HIS REMORSE.—HE CRAVES FOR HIS LOST DAUGHTER.

When Leontes heard that the queen was dead, he repented of his cruelty to her; and now that he thought his ill-usage had broken Hermione's heart, he believed her innocent of the charges laid against her. The young prince Mamillus being dead, King Leontes said he would give his kingdom now to recover his lost daughter; and he gave himself up to remorse, and passed many years in solitude, mournful thoughts, and repentant grief for his cruelty to his dutiful wife and his evil spirit of suspicion.

VI.—THE FATE OF ANTIGONUS AND THE BABE.

The ship in which Antigonus carried the infant princess out to sea was driven by a storm upon the coast near Austria, the kingdom of a good king named Polixenes. Now Leontes and Polixenes had been brought up together from their infancy, and were formerly old companions and school fellows, until by the death of their fathers they had been called to reign over their respective kingdoms. Antigonus landed, and left the little babe to fate or to starve.

Antigonus never returned to Sicily to tell Leontes where he had left his daughter for as he was going back to the ship a bear came out of the woods and tore him to pieces—a just punishment on him for obeying the wicked order of Leontes.

The child was dressed in rich clothes and jewels; for Hermione had made it very fine when she sent it to Leontes, and Antigonus had pinned a paper to its mantle, with the name of *Perdita* written thereon, and words obscurely intimating its high birth and sad fate.

VII.—THE KIND-HEARTED SHEPHERD.—THE NEW HOME OF PERDITA.

This poor deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a humane man, and so he carried the little Perdita home to his wife, who nursed it tenderly. But poverty tempted the shepherd to conceal the rich prize he had found; therefore he left that part of the country, that no one might know where he got his riches, and became a wealthy shepherd. He brought up Perdita as his own child, and she knew not she was any other than a shepherd's daughter.

The little Perdita grew up a lovely and modest maiden; and though she had no better education than that of a shepherd's daughter, yet so did the natural graces she inherited from her royal mother Hermione shine forth in her untutored mind that no one from her behaviour would have known she had not been educated in her father's court in Sicily.

VIII.—PRINCE FLORIZEL, THE SON OF POLIXENES, VISITS THE SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE.

Polixenes, the king of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was Florizel. As this young prince was hunting one day near the shepherd's dwelling he saw the old man's foster daughter; and the beauty, modesty, and queen-like deportment of Perdita caused him greatly to admire her, though he knew her only as a simple shepherd's daughter. He soon, under the name of Doricles, and in the disguise of a private gentleman, became a constant visitor at the old shepherd's house, where he was ever welcome because of his manly and open bearing and courtesy.

Florizel's frequent absence from court alarmed Polixenes, his father; and setting people to watch his son, he discovered his affection for the shepherd's fair daughter.

Polixenes then called for a faithful friend, Camillo, who had once preserved his life from the fury of another, and desired that he would accompany him to the house of the shepherd, the supposed father of Perdita.

IX.—THE SHEEP SHEARERS' FEAST.—THE MERRY-MAKINGS.—PERDITA'S BEAUTY.—THE ARRIVAL OF AUTOLYCUS, THE TRAVELLING PEDLAR.

Polixenes and Camillo, both in disguise, arrived at the old shepherd's dwelling while they were celebrating the feast of sheep-shearing. Though both were strangers, yet at the sheep-shearing every guest being made welcome, they were invited to walk in and join in the general festivity.

Nothing but mirth and jollity were going forward. Tables were spread, and great preparations were making for the rustic feast. Some lads and lasses were dancing on the green before the house, while others of the young men were buying ribands, gloves, and such-like toys, from a travelling pedlar at the door, a witty rascal named Autolycus, who soon sold all his wares.

While this busy scene was going forward, Florizel and Perdita sat quietly in a retired corner, seemingly more pleased with the conversation of each other than desirous of engaging in the sports and silly amusements of those around them.

X.—THE TRIBUTE OF POLIXENES AND CAMILLO TO PERDITA'S COURTESY AND GRACEFUL BEARING.

The king was so disguised it was impossible his son could know him; he therefore advanced near enough to hear the conversation. The simple yet elegant and modest manner in which Perdita conversed with his son greatly surprised Polixenes. He said to Camillo, "This is the prettiest country-born lass I ever saw; nothing she does or says but looks like something greater than herself, too noble for this place."

Camillo replied, "*Indeed she is the very queen of curds and cream.*"

At the invitation of her foster-father, the old shepherd, the dutiful and handy Perdita assumed the part of hostess, and bade all a hearty welcome to the feast. She went in and out among the people, distributing pretty nosegays to old and young alike, and making suitable speeches to each guest, accompanied by smiles and winning looks.

XI.—THE DISGUISED VISITORS QUESTION THE OLD SHEPHERD ABOUT FLORIZEL.

"Pray, my old friend," said the king to the old shepherd, "what fair swain is that talking to your daughter?" "*They call him Doricles,*" replied the shepherd. "*He says he wishes to marry my daughter;* and to speak truth, *if young Doricles can get her, she shall bring him that he little dreams of*"; meaning the remaining of Perdita's jewels, which, after he had bought herds of sheep with part of them, he had carefully hoarded up to present to her for her marriage portion.

XII.—POLIXENES ADDRESSES FLORIZEL.—FLORIZEL ASKS HIM TO WITNESS HIS VOW TO PERDITA.—POLIXENES REVEALS HIMSELF.—HE ANGRILY REPROACHES HIS SON, AND THREATENS PERDITA AND THE SHEPHERD.

Polixenes then addressed his son. "*How now, young man!*" said he. "*Your heart seems full of something that takes off your mind from feasting. When I was young I used to load my lady with presents; but you have let the pedlar go, and have bought your lass no toy.*"

The young prince, who little thought he was talking to the king his father, replied "Old sir, she prizes not such trifles; the gifts which Perdita expects from me are locked up in my heart." Then, turning to Perdita, he said to her, "Oh hear me, Perdita, before this ancient gentleman, he shall hear what I profess." Florizel then called upon the old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which he made to Perdita, saying to Polixenes, "I pray you, mark our contract"

"*Mark your divorce, young sir,*" said the king throwing off his disguise. Polixenes then reproached his son for daring to contract himself to this low-born maiden, calling Perdita "*shepherd's brat, sheephook,*" and other disrespectful names; and threatening, if ever she suffered his son to see her again, he would put her and the old shepherd, her father, to a cruel death.

The king then left them in great wrath, and ordered Camillo to follow him, bringing Prince Florizel.

XIII.—PERDITA'S SPIRIT AND PROPRIETY.—GOOD CAMILLO'S PLAN TO AID THE PRINCE AND PERDITA.

When the king had departed, Perdita, whose royal nature was aroused by Polixenes' reproaches, said, "Though we are all undone, I was not afraid; and once or twice I was about to speak, and tell him plainly that the selfsame sun which shines upon his palace hides not his face from our cottage, but looks upon both alike." Then sorrowfully she said, "But now I am awakened from this dream, I will queen it no farther. Leave me, sir; I will go milk my ewes, and weep." Then she readily went back again to perform her daily duties as usual.

The kind-hearted Camillo was charmed with the spirit and perfect propriety of Perdita's behaviour; and he thought of a way by which to befriend the two, and at the same time execute a favourable scheme he had in his mind.

Camillo had long known that Leontes, the king of Sicily, was become a true penitent. He therefore proposed to Florizel and Perdita that they should accompany him to the Sicilian court, where he promised Leontes should protect them till, through his mediation, they could obtain pardon from Polixenes, and his consent to their marriage.

To this proposal they joyfully agreed; and Camillo, who conducted everything relative to their flight, allowed the old shepherd to go along with them.

The shepherd took with him the remainder of Perdita's jewels, her baby clothes, and the paper which he had found pinned to her mantle.

XIV.—THE VOYAGE OF FLORIZEL AND PERDITA TO THE COURT OF LEONTES.

After a prosperous voyage Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the old shepherd, arrived in safety at the court of Leontes. Leontes, who still mourned his dead wife Hermione and his lost child, received Camillo with great kindness, and gave a cordial welcome to Prince Florizel. But Perdita, whom Florizel introduced as his

princess, seemed to engross all Leontes' attention. Perceiving a likeness between her and his dead queen Hermione his grief broke out afresh, and he said such a lovely creature might his own daughter have been if he had not so cruelly destroyed her.

XV.—THE OLD SHEPHERD TELLS THE TALE HOW HE FOUND PERDITA SIXTEEN YEARS AGO ON A WILD NIGHT.

When the old shepherd heard how much notice the king had taken of Perdita, and that he had lost a daughter, who was exposed in infancy, he fell to comparing the time when he found the little Perdita, with the manner of its exposure, the jewels and other tokens of its high birth; from all which it was impossible for him not to conclude that Perdita and the king's lost daughter were the same.

Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the faithful Paulina, were present when the old shepherd related to the king the manner in which he had found the child, and also the circumstance of Antigonus' death, he having seen the bear seize upon him. He showed the rich mantle in which Paulina remembered Hermione had wrapped the child; next he produced a jewel which she remembered Hermione had tied about Perdita's neck; then he gave up the paper which Paulina knew to be the writing of her husband. It could not now be doubted that Perdita was Leontes' own daughter; but oh, the noble struggles of Paulina, between sorrow for her husband's death and joy in the king's heir, his long-lost daughter, being found! When Leontes heard that Perdita was his daughter, the great sorrow that he felt that Hermione was not living to behold her child made him that he could say nothing for a long time but "O thy mother, thy mother!"

XVI.—THE LONG-LOST PERDITA IS FOUND AND RESTORED.—THE PROOFS.—THE KING'S JOY ON RECOVERING HIS CHILD.

The long-sorrowing Leontes could scarcely support the excess of his own happiness.

Nothing but congratulations and affectionate speeches were heard on all sides. Now the delighted father thanked Prince Florizel for loving his lowly-seeming daughter; and now he blessed the good old shepherd for preserving his child. Greatly did good Camillo and faithful Paulina rejoice that they had lived to see so good an end to all their faithful services.

And as if nothing should be wanting to complete this strange and unlooked-for joy, King Polixenes himself now entered the palace, just at the happiest moment of Leontes' life.

XVII.—POLIXENES ARRIVES IN PURSUIT OF FLORIZEL.—HE NOW WILLINGLY CONSENTS TO HIS MARRIAGE WITH PERDITA.

On hearing the cause of all the rejoicing Polixenes took part in the general joy. And there was no fear that Polixenes would now oppose his son's marriage with Perdita. She was no "sheephook" now, but the heiress of the crown of Sicily.

Persons in the Drama:—LEONTES, *King of Sicily;* HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes;* ANTIGONUS, *one of Leontes' Lords;* PAULINA, *the wife of Antigonus;* OLD SHEPHERD AND HIS SON; AUTOLYCUS, *a travelling Pedlar;* POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia;* PRINCE FLORIZEL, *Son of Polixenes;* PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione;* CAMILLO, *a friend of Polixenes.*

Selection I.

ANTIGONUS AND HIS CRUEL ERRAND.

ACT II. SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace of* KING LEONTES, *who is seen speaking to* ANTIGONUS, *one of his lords.*

I.—THE KING'S ORDERS TO ANTIGONUS TO CARRY OFF AND EXPOSE THE BABE.

Leon. [*to* ANTIGONUS]. You, sir, come you hither.
Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark and perform it, seest thou, for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy ill-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon.
We command thee that thou bear the child
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate.
I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou carry it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it.
Take it up.

II.—ANTIGONUS CONSENTS.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
ad been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
me powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
o be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
sting their savageness aside, have done
e offices of pity,
[*Exit carrying the Child.*

ACT III. SCENE III.—*Bohemia. A Wild and Desert Country near the Sea, inhabited by savage beasts.*

[*Enter* ANTIGONUS, *with the Babe; and a Mariner.*]

III.—ANTIGONUS AND THE MARINER — HE LANDS ON A WILD SHORE.

Ant. Thou art certain, then, our ship hath touched upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Go thou away; I'll follow instantly.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land; 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
[ANTIGONUS *departs with the Babe.*
I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business.
[*Exit.*

IV.—THE DREAM OF ANTIGONUS.

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard—but not believed—the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature—
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So filled, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach

My cabin where I lay; thrice bowed before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, these words
Did thus break from her: "*Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee call 't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I do believe Hermione hath suffered death.

V.—HE LAYS DOWN THE BABE.—HIS FAREWELL.

Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the Babe.*
There lie; and there thy character: there these,—
[*Laying down a bundle containing jewels and rich clothing.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds, and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoined to this.—Farewell!—

VI.—THE THREATENING CLOUDS.—HE IS PURSUED AND KILLED BY A BEAR.

The day frowns more and more;—thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough:—I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour,—
Well may I get aboard!—this is the chase:—
I am gone for ever,
[*Exit, pursued by a bear, which mangles him to death.*

VII.—THE OLD SHEPHERD FINDS PERDITA.—HE CALLS HIS SON TO WITNESS HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

[*Enter an Old Shepherd who finds the Babe and takes it home.*]

Shep. Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master: if anywhere I have them, 't is by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck!—What have we here? [*Taking up the Babe.*] Mercy on 's a barne; a very pretty barne! A pretty one; a very pretty one. I'll take it up for pity; yet I 'll tarry till my son come: he hallooed but even now.—Whoa, ho, hoa!

Son. [*Without.*] Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What! art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and buried, come hither.

But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself. Thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee! Look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here:—take up, take up, boy; open 't. So let 's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling.—Open 't:—what's within, boy?

Son. You 're a made old man. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep

go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Son. Go you the next way with your findings: I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman who cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Son. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't.

[*Exeunt.*

VIII.—TIME WORKS WONDERS.—CAMILLO'S LONG ABSENCE AND DESIRE.

ACT IV. SCENE I.—*Bohemia. Sixteen years have passed since the events of the last scene. A Room in the Palace of* POLIXENES, *the King of Bohemia.*

[*Enter* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *his friend, who desires to return home after his long absence of* 15 *years, but* POLIXENES *begs him to stay and assist him in finding the cause of the frequent absences of his son Prince Florizel from the Court.* CAMILLO *consents, and they go together to the old shepherd's house in search.*]

IX.—POLIXENES IS ANXIOUS ABOUT PRINCE FLORIZEL, HIS SON.—DEPARTS, DISGUISED, WITH CAMILLO TO SEARCH FOR HIM.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country, and I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son?

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care. I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man they say that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

Selection II.

THE MERRY-MAKINGS AT THE SHEEP SHEARERS' FEAST.

I.—THE PRETTY SPRING SONG OF AUTOLYCUS.

SCENE II.—*A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

[*Enter* AUTOLYCUS, *a crafty pedlar, with his pack of wares, singing merrily.*]

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale,
The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay. 8

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, worn three-pile; but now I am out of service:

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily take the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. 14

At last he reaches the shepherd's house in the midst of the merry-makings on the occasion of the Sheep Shearers' Feast. He is afterwards invited in.

II.—THE MEETING OF FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

SCENE III.—*A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.*

[*Enter* PRINCE FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA, *dressed in gay holiday attire, talking to each other.*]

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life; no shepherdess but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.
Per. Sir, my gracious lord, 20
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them.—Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most godless-like pranked up.
Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground. 28

III.—PERDITA'S FEARS.—FLORIZEL CHEERS HER.

Per. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the Fates!
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence? 34
Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity.
Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold when, 't is
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.
Flo. Be merry, gentle Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. 40
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while.
See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth. 45

IV.—POLIXENES AND CAMILLO ARE WELCOMED.—THE SHEPHERD BIDS PERDITA ACT AS HOSTESS.

[*Enter Shepherd, with* KING POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *disguised; also Shepherdesses, Shepherds, Milkmaids, Guests, Lads and Lasses to join in the Sports.*]

Shep. [*addressing* PERDITA]. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting; pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

V.—PERDITA PRESENTS NOSEGAYS TO THE GUESTS, OLD AND YOUNG.

Per. [*To* POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome.
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To* CAMILLO.] You're welcome, sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.

She passes round bidding each a hearty welcome and giving pretty nosegays, accompanied by kind speeches and winning smiles to all.

Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess—
A fair one are you,—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streaked gillyvors.
Of which kind
Our rustic garden 's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Per. (*offering flowers*). Here' s flowers for you, sirs,
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out, alas!
You'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.

VI.—SPRING FLOWERS.—THEIR PRETTY LANGUAGE.

—Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—
Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno' eyes;
Pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength;
Bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to sit and play on,
Not like a corse;
But quick, come, take your flowers.
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition. 110

VII.—PRINCE FLORIZEL PRAISES PERDITA'S GRACE AND SWEETNESS.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that, for all your acts are queens. 118
Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstained shepherd. 122
Flo. But come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita.

VIII.—POLIXENES AND CAMILLO ADMIRE HER BEAUTY AND DIGNITY.

Pol. [*To* CAMILLO.] This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
Cam. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.—
Flo. Come, strike up. [*Music* 130

[*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

IX.—POLIXENES QUESTIONS THE SHEPHERD ABOUT PERDITA.

Pol. [*To the* OLD SHEPHERD]. Pray you, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like truth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too;
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does anything, though I report it
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. 143

X.—THE PEDLAR'S ARRIVAL IS ANNOUNCED.

[*Enter a Servant who tells of the travelling Pedlar at the door singing his wares.*]

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you 'll count money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.
Shep. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad only too well. 151
Serv. He hath songs, for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over as they were gods or goddesses.
Shep. Prythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing. 156

[*Exit Servant to bring Pedlar.*

[*Enter* AUTOLYCUS, *the travelling pedlar, singing.*]

XI.—AUTOLYCUS QUICKLY SELLS HIS WARES.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks, for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel;
Come, buy of me, come; come buy; come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

The girls and men crowd round the pedlar, who quickly sells off all his pack and retires saying:—

Aut. I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer.

XII.—ARRIVAL OF THE TWELVE RUSTIC DANCERS.

Serv. Master, there be three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds that have made themselves all men of hair, and they have a dance, which, if it be not too rough, will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. Pray let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them by their own report, sir, have danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir.

[*Exit.* 19

[*Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance and gambol wildly and then withdraw.*]

Selection III.

POLIXENES QUESTIONS HIS SON, AND REVEALS HIMSEL

I.—POLIXENES QUESTIONS FLORIZEL ABOUT HIS NEGLECT.

Pol. [*To* CAMILLO.] Is it not too far gone?—'T is time to part them.
[*To* FLORIZEL.] How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransacked
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have poured it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. 9
Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are packed and locked
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not delivered.—O, hear me breathe my vows

Before this ancient sir:
I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down. 17

II.—FLORIZEL'S VOW.—HIS FATHER IS TO BE A WITNESS.

Pol. Let me hear what you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
Shep. Take hands; a bargain:—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his. 30
Flo. I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
But come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

III.—THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall. 40
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial.
The father should hold some counsel
In such a business. 45
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.

IV.—POLIXENES ANGRILY REVEALS HIMSELF.—HE RUDELY THREATENS THE SHEPHERD AND PERDITA.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor [*To the* SHEPHERD],
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,— 65
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack—as never
I mean thou shalt—we 'll bar thee from succession. 71
[*To the* SHEPHERD]. Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—[*To* PERDITA.] And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman;—
If ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. 79
[*Exit* POLIXENES *in anger, leaving* CAMILLO *behind.*]

V.—PERDITA'S PROPRIETY AND GOOD SENSE.—FLORIZEL IS NOT TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR HER.

Per. Even here undone !
I was not much afeard ; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—[*To* FLORIZEL.] Will't please you, sir, be gone ?
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.
Cam. Why, how now, father ?
Speak, ere thou diest.

VI.—THE SHEPHERD'S DESPAIR.—HE BEWAILS HIS LOT AND CHIDES PERDITA.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.
—[*To* FLORIZEL.] O sir !
You have undone a man of fourscore-three.
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud.
[*To* PERDITA.] O foolish wretch !
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone ! undone !
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

QUESTIONS ON THE PLAY FOR COMPOSITION EXERCISES.

1.—What misery did Leontes bring upon those about him ?

2.—What causes led him to repent ? How did he show his remorse for his wrong-doing ?

3.—Describe the errand and fate of Antigonus. What did he see in his dream ?

4.—What passages in the play show us the grace and courtesy of Perdita's nature and her dutifulness at home !

5.—What proofs of Perdita's graciousness and pleasing conversation at the Shearers' Feast have you noticed ! How did she discharge her duty as hostess ?

6.—How did Camillo prove a true friend to Leontes, to Polixenes, and also to his son, Florizel !

7.—What is said about flowers in this play ? Who said it ? Why were the words most fitting to the occasion and persons ?

8.—What is there in the conduct of the good Paulina and the old shepherd to those in need which you most admire ?

9.—What led to the restoration of Perdita to her father ?

10.—Which passages in the play (1) do you admire most ; (2) find difficult to understand ?

11.—Describe the fun at the Sheep Shearers' Feast, not forgetting the pedlar Autolycus.

SCENES FROM ONE OF SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDIES:— LEAR, KING OF BRITAIN, AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

WHAT THE PLAY IS ABOUT.

In this, one of Shakspeare's greatest but saddest plays, he shows us what sorrow and suffering follow when the bonds uniting parent and child are broken. We see the misery of family life where love has ceased to exist. The silver lining to this dark cloud of folly, deceit, and ingratitude is represented in the constancy, sincerity, tenderness, patience, and lovableness of Cordelia, whose name means the *warm-hearted.*

I.—THE KING'S ADVANCING YEARS.—LEAR'S RESOLVE TO DIVIDE HIS DOMINIONS.

Lear, king of Britain, had three daughters; Goneril, wife to the duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, his youngest and favourite child.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

II.—THE HOLLOW FLATTERIES OF GONERIL AND REGAN.

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

Then, calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness: insomuch that she found all other joys dead in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought. He could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

III.—THE SINCERITY AND TRUTHFULNESS OF CORDELIA.—HER HATRED OF HYPOCRISY.—HER FATHER'S VIOLENT TEMPER AND UNREASONABLE REPROACHES.

Then, turning to his youngest daughter, Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say. As she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them, he thought, no doubt, that she would gladden his ears with loving speeches and expressions, even stronger than her sisters. But Cordelia was disgusted with the extravagant flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips. She saw that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their

husbands might reign in his lifetime, so she made no other reply but this, that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father that he was her father, that he had given her life, and loved her, that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him. But that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world.

Cordelia in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do. She would have plainly told him so at any other time in more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications which did indeed sound a little ungracious. But after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

IV.—THE RAGE OF LEAR AND HIS VENGEANCE ON CORDELIA, WHOM HE DEPRIVES OF HER INHERITANCE.—LEAR TO RETAIN A HUNDRED KNIGHTS.

In his best of times Lear always showed much of spleen and rashness, and this plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch that, in a fury of resentment, he retracted the third part of his kingdom which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the dukes of Albany and Cornwall. These he now called to him, and in the presence of all his courtiers he invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned. But he specially reserved that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughter's palaces in turn.

V.—THE SURPRISE OF THE COURTIERS.—THE FAITHFUL KENT PLEADS FOR CORDELIA.

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow. None of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath except the earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia when the passionate Lear, on pain of death, commanded him to desist: but the good Kent was not so to be silenced. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master. Now that Lear was most his own enemy, this faithful servant of the king did not forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor, in times past, to the king, and said that he would answer with his life that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least.

VI.—THE WRATH AND THREATS OF LEAR AT KENT'S PLAIN SPEAKING.

The honest freedom of this good earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more. Like a frantic patient who kills his physician and loves his mortal

disease, he banished this true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure ; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. Kent bade farewell to the king, and before he went recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken. He only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love.

VII.—THE KING OF FRANCE MARRIES CORDELIA.

The king of France, who sought to marry Cordelia, understood what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father ; that it was only plainness of speech, and her inability to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters. He took this young maid by the hand, saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom. He bade Cordelia take farewell of her sisters and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters.

VIII.—CORDELIA BIDS HER SISTERS FAREWELL.

Then Cordelia, with weeping eyes, took leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions. They sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty. Cordelia, with a heavy heart, departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

IX.—GONERIL IN HER TRUE COLOURS.—ALTERATION IN HER BEHAVIOUR.—HER COOLNESS, UNGRACIOUSNESS, AND DISRESPECT TO HER AGED FATHER.

Cordelia was no sooner gone than the disposition of her sisters began to show their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter, Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father she put on a frowning countenance. When the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything to be rid of the sight of him ; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden and his attendants an unnecessary expense. Not only did she herself slacken in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

X.—THE NOBLE KENT.—A TRUE FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.—HOW HE RETURNS GOOD FOR ILL.—HIS LOVE AND FIDELITY WHILE DISGUISED AS A SERVANT.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill* than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good usage*. This eminently appears in the instance of the good earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he was found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences,

as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. In the disguise of a serving-man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king. Not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness, in his answers which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of), Lear quickly took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty earl of Kent or Caius.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master; for Goneril's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged by his mistress, Caius, not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel. For this friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him, and gave him a reward.

XI.—FURTHER PROOFS OF GONERIL'S HARSHNESS AND INGRATITUDE

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from Goneril, his unworthy daughter. She now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and feastings; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

XII.—LEAR'S INDIGNATION AT HER REFUSAL TO LODGE HIS KNIGHTS.—HE CALLS DOWN VENGEANCE ON GONERIL, AND GOES TO REGAN FOR SYMPATHY.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was excited, and he said she spoke an untruth. And so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behaviour and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting and feasting as she said. In his rage Lear bade his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights: and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted fiend, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Goneril in a way terrible to hear. He prayed that her own children might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to him; that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child

XIII.—REGAN'S UNKIND RECEPTION OF HER FATHER.—KENT PUT IN THE STOCKS.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father of childish stubbornness and ill humours, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger

arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met; and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward, whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behaviour to Lear. Caius, not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight. When the fellow refused, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved. This news coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put a prisoner in the stocks, though he was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect; so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle was his faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful position.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed. For, upon enquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night and could not see him; and when lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

XIV.—REGAN AND GONERIL'S MEETING WITH LEAR.—THEIR FINE PROFESSIONS PUT TO THE TEST.

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand; and he asked Goneril if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard. Then Regan advised him to go home again with Goneril and live with her peaceably, dismissing half his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and led by persons that had more discretion than himself. But Lear showed how preposterous it would sound if he were to go down on his knees and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment. He argued against such an unnatural dependence, declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights; for he said she had not forgotten the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Goneril's, but mild and kind. He said that rather than return to Goneril with half his train cut off he would go over to France, and beg a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

XV.—LEAR FINDS REGAN NO KINDER THAN HER SISTER.—LEAR IS TOLD TO CUT DOWN HIS RETINUE.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him; that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril, and said he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said what need of so many as *five-and-twenty?* or even *ten?* or *five?* when he might be waited upon by her servants or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect that was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant. It was the

ingratitude in his daughters denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this old king to the heart; insomuch that with this double ill-usage and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled.

XVI.—LEAR OUT IN A STORM OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.—HIS REASON IS AFFECTED.

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning, with rain. As his daughters still persisted in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad than to stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters; and they suffered him to go in that condition, and shut their doors upon him.

The winds were high, and the rain and the storm increased when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did king Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder.

XVII.—THE DEVOTED KENT AS CAIUS COMES TO COMFORT LEAR IN HIS AFFLICTION.

Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant the good earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said, "*Alas! sir, are you here? creatures that love night love not such nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding places. Man's nature cannot endure the affliction or the fear.*" And Lear rebuked him, and said these lesser evils were not felt where a greater malady was fixed. Lear spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a wretched hovel which stood upon the heath.

XVIII.—HIS DAUGHTERS' ILL-USAGE DRIVES LEAR MAD.

From many wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that Lear was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill-usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants, who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as earl of Kent, chiefly lay.

XIX.—KENT SAILS TO FRANCE FOR CORDELIA'S HELP.

Kent then embarked for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father that this good and loving child, with many tears, besought the king her husband that he would give her leave to embark for England with a sufficient power to subdue these daughters and their husbands, and restore the king her father to his throne. This request being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

XX.—THE ARRIVAL OF CORDELIA.—HER TENDERNESS AND DEVOTION.

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good earl of Kent had placed over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train wandering about the fields near Dover in a pitiable condition, stark mad and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw and nettles and other wild weeds which he had picked up in the cornfields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting till, by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

XXI.—THE SAD MEETING OF CORDELIA AND HER CRAZED FATHER.—PHYSICIANS MINISTER TO HIS JARRING SENSES.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter: to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and to witness the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had, in his displeasure, cast off for so small a fault.

XXII.—CORDELIA'S SOOTHING SPEECH.—LEAR IS ASSURED AT LAST OF HER SINCERITY.

It was touching to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; while she, good lady, knelt all the while to ask a blessing of him, and told him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia! She kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. She told her father how she had come from France for the purpose of bringing him assistance. Lear said that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; and that she had great cause not to love him. But Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than her sisters had.

In the protection of this dutiful and loving child, and by the help of sleep and medicine, her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses of the old king, which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken.

XXIII.—THE FATES OF LEAR'S FALSE AND HEARTLESS DAUGHTERS.

Goneril and Regan, these monsters of ingratitude who had been so false to their own father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands, to whom they soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and openly showed they despised them as they had their father. When the duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding the wicked earl of Gloucester, a resolve which roused the jealousy of her sister Goneril, who found means to make away with Regan by poison; but being detected in her practices and imprisoned by her husband, the duke of Albany, for this deed, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus the justice of heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

XXIV.—THE BATTLE AND THE DEATH OF LEAR'S DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to witness the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion, for it is an awful truth that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Goneril and Regan had sent out under the command of the bad earl of Gloucester were victorious, and Cordelia, by the command of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an industrious example of filial duty, and Lear did not long survive this kind and dutiful child.

Persons in the Tragedy:—LEAR, *King of Britain;* GONERIL, REGAN *and* CORDELIA, *his three daughters;* THE EARL OF KENT, *afterwards* CAIUS, *a servant;* THE KING OF FRANCE, *who marries* CORDELIA; THE DUKES OF CORNWALL *and* ALBANY, *the husbands of* REGAN *and* GONERIL.

Selection I

HOW LEAR TESTED HIS THREE DAUGHTERS' LOVE, AND SHOWED HARSHNESS TO CORDELIA, THE YOUNGEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*Enter one bearing a coronet, then* LEAR, *then the Dukes of* ALBANY *and* CORNWALL, *next* GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *with followers.*]

I.—LEAR TESTS HIS THREE DAUGHTERS' LOVE.

Give me the map there. Know, that we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthened crawl toward death.—Our son of *Cornwall*,
And you, our no less loving son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now.
Tell me, my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
Goneril, our eldest-born, speak first.

II.—THE CUNNING GONERIL'S LOUD PROFESSIONS OF DEVOTION.

Gon. Sir,
I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare.
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found:
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much, I love you.
Cor. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.
Lear. [*Pointing to the map.*] Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers, and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

III. — REGAN'S FINE PROMISES OF AFFECTION AND DUTY.

Reg. I am made of that self-same
metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my
true heart
I find she names my very deed of love,
Only she comes too short.
Cor. [*Aside.*] Then, poor Cordelia !
And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my
love's
More richer than my tongue.
Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary
ever
Remain this ample third of our fair
kingdom ; [*Pointing to the map.*]
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferred on Goneril.—Now,
our joy,
Although our last, not least ;
What can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your
sisters ? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing ?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing :
speak again.

IV. — CORDELIA'S SIMPLE REPLY. — TRUTH AND SINCERITY OPPOSED TO HYPOCRISY.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot
heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your
majesty
According to my bond ; nor more, nor
less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia ! mend
your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord
You have rear'd me, bred me, loved
me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour
you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they
say
They love you all ?
Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender ?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

V. — LEAR'S RAGE AND RASHNESS. — HE DISINHERITS HER.

Lear. Let it be so : thy truth then
be thy dower ;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent !
Come not between the dragon and his
wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set
my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid
my sight !
So be my grave my peace, as here I
give
Her father's heart from her !

VI. — INVESTS CORNWALL AND ALBANY WITH SOVEREIGN POWER. — RESERVES A HUNDRED KNIGHTS TO KEEP UP HIS DIGNITY.

Cornwall, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters' dowers digest
the third.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by
monthly course,
With reservation of a hundred knights
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we
shall retain
The name and all the additions to a
king ;
The sway, revenue, execution of the
rest,
Beloved sons, be yours : which to con-
firm,
This coronet part between you.

VII. — THE EARL OF KENT INTERPOSES. — HE PLEADS FOR CORDELIA.

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honoured as my
king,
Loved as my father, as my master
followed,
As my great patron thought on in my
prayers,—
Be Kent unmannerly when Lear is mad.
What wouldst thou do, old man ?

Reverse thy doom,
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness. Answer my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness. 99

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

VIII.—LEAR THREATENS KENT.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

[*Laying his hand upon his sword to strike Kent.*

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I 'll tell thee, thou dost evil. 109

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked. 119

IX.—KENT IS BANISHED.—TAKES FAREWELL OF THE SISTERS.

Kent. Fare thee well, king.

[*To* CORDELIA.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu. [*Exit.* 125

X.—THE MARRIAGE OF CORDELIA AND THE KING OF FRANCE.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised;
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison. 135

[*Flourish. Exeunt* LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, *and attendants.*

XI.—CORDELIA'S PARTING FROM HER SISTERS.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are,
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father:
To your professèd bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both. 144

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study
Be, to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms.

Cor. Time shall unfold what pleated cunning hides;
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia. 150

[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.

Selection II.

LEAR'S TREATMENT BY HIS UNDUTIFUL DAUGHTERS, GONERIL AND REGAN.

ACT I. SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Goneril's Palace.*

[*Enter* KENT, *disguised as a servant. He offers* LEAR *his services.*]

I.—A GREAT CONTRAST IN CONDUCT.—KENT OFFERS LEAR HIS SERVICES.

Kent. Now, banished Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned,
So may it come, thy master whom thou lov'st
Shall find thee full of labours.

[*Horns within. Enter* LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*]

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish. 13

II.—LEAR QUESTIONS KENT.—KENT'S READY AND WITTY REPLIES.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain to call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!

[*Exit an Attendant.*

III.—GONERIL COMPLAINS OF THE KNIGHTS' CONDUCT.—LEAR'S SURPRISE.

[*Enter* GONERIL, *scowling.*]

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on?
Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Gon. Not only, sir, that your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots. 41
By your allowance.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Lear. Does any here know me? This is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?— 48

Gon. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disordered, so debauched, and bold,

That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn. 55
Be then desired,
By her that else will take the things she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age
Which know themselves and you. 61

IV.—A THANKLESS CHILD.—LEAR'S INDIGNATION AND CURSES UPON REGAN.

Lear. Darkness and demons!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate daughter! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know.
Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt: that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! 75
Yea, is it come to this!
Let it be so:—yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She 'll flay thy wolfish visage. 80
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*

ACT II. SCENE IV.—*Before Regan's Palace.*

[*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Servants.*]

V.—VISIT TO REGAN.—LEAR MEETS WITH NO SYMPATHY FROM HER.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your grace!
Reg. I am glad to see your highness.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so.
Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture here. [*Points to his heart.*

VI.—REGAN SIDES WITH GONERIL.—LEAR MUST GO BACK AND APOLOGISE.

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience, 91
I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance,
She has restrained the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame. 96
O, sir! you are old;
You should be ruled and led
By some discretion.
Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say you have wronged her, sir.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
On my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."
Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.
Lear. [*Rising.*] Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Looked black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! 113
Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words,
To oppose the bolt

Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.
Who comes here?

[*Enter* GONERIL.]

VII. — GONERIL APPEARS. — LEAR RESENTS THE PROPOSAL TO DISMISS HIS MEN.

[*To* GONERIL.] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

VIII.—REGAN'S FURTHER DEMAND.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter.
But I'll not chide thee;
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister.
What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?

IX.—GONERIL EVEN LESS CONSIDERATE ABOUT LEAR'S TRAIN.

Gon. Why may not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
If you will come to me,—I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

X.—LEAR'S MENTAL AGONY.—HIS RESOLVE TO BEAR IT.

Lear. You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need?
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger.
You think I'll weep; no, I'll not weep;
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Before I 'll weep.

[*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT. *Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestowed.

Gon. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Selection III.

CORDELIA'S RETURN FROM FRANCE TO AID HER FATHER.

ACT IV. SCENE III.—*The French Camp near Dover.*

[*Enter* KENT *and a Gentleman.*]

I. — KENT TELLS THAT LEAR IS ASHAMED TO MEET CORDELIA AT FIRST.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distressed Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gent. Why, good sir? 5
Kent. A sovereign shame shows him his own unkindness,
That stripped her from his benediction; gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia. 10
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
[*Exeunt.*

II.—ARRIVAL OF CORDELIA TO AID HER FATHER.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

[*Enter* CORDELIA, *Physician, and Soldiers.*]

Cor. Alack! 't is he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed sea: singing aloud;
Crowned with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth; 17
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.
[*Exit an Officer.*
—What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereavèd sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth. 22

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

III.—APPROACH OF THE ENEMY TO ATTACK CORDELIA.

Mess. News, madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'T is known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! 30
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.*

[LEAR *on a bed asleep, soft music playing. Enter* CORDELIA, *and* KENT, *Doctor, Gentlemen, and others, watching.*]

IV.—CORDELIA HAS FOUND LEAR.—SHE ENQUIRES OF THE DOCTOR.—HIS REPLY.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'er-paid. 34
Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord.—[*To the Doctor.*] How does the king?
Doct. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changèd father!
Doct. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long. 43

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?
Doct. Ay, madam: in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Kent. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him.
Cor. Very well. [*Music.*
Doct. Please you draw near.—Louder the music there!

V.—CORDELIA KISSES HER SLEEPING FATHER.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made! 54
Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack,
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

VI. — LEAR WAKES FROM SLEEP. — CORDELIA CRAVES HIS BLESSING.

Doct. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fare your majesty? Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die?
Where have I been? Where am I?—
I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands: —let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition.
Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me,—
No, sir, you must not kneel. 76
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, and to speak plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you;
Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia. 84
Cor. And so I am, I am.

VII. — FATHER AND DAUGHTER REUNITED. — LEAR'S REMORSE FOR HIS TREATMENT OF CORDELIA.

Lear. I pray, weep not;
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not. 90
You must bear with me.
Pray you now forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

ACT V. SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

[*Enter in conquest, with drum and colours,* EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA *are brought in as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, etc.*]

VIII.—THE BATTLE.—CORDELIA CAPTURED.—HER IMPRISONMENT AND DEATH.

Edm. Some officers take them away.
Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:

When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales.
103

[*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA *as prisoners, guarded.* CORDELIA *is afterwards strangled in prison, and* LEAR *dies heart-broken on hearing the sad news.*]

QUESTIONS ON THE PLAY ARRANGED FOR COMPOSITION.

1.—How did Lear show the rashness of his character and an unreasonable temper? How did he wrong Cordelia?

2.—How did Goneril show that her professions were unreal? Why are flatterers distrusted?

3.—What do you admire most in Cordelia's conduct and character?

4.—*A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed.* How can you illustrate this from Kent's conduct?

5.—In what way was Lear unfair to Kent?

6.—In what respects are Kent and old Adam in *As You Like It* models of devotion and loyalty to others above them?

7.—What proofs did Cordelia give of her sincerity, tenderness, and forgiving nature?

8.—How did Kent try to dissuade Lear from wronging Cordelia? With what result?

9.—What conduct and speeches of Regan show her heartlessness and undutifulness?

10.—What causes led to Lear's madness? In what way was Lear the cause of his own misery and misfortunes?

11.—Give several reasons from the play of Kent's devotion to Lear in his hours of need.

12.—Why did Lear require the attendance of a hundred knights? What reasons did he give for parting with his crown?

13.—Which passages do you regard as (1) very beautiful; (2), most pathetic; (3), most forcible; (4), truest or wisest, and (5), difficult to understand?

SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

WHAT THE PLAY IS ABOUT.

SHYLOCK, THE JEW MONEY-LENDER, AND ANTONIO, THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

FEELING TOWARDS THE JEWS IN EARLY TIMES.

To understand the play, and especially Shylock's bitterness, it is necessary to know the estimation in which Jews were held many centuries ago by the Christian populace. They often suffered the most cruel persecutions, being plundered, slaughtered, or burnt at the stake; indeed, the spirit of cruel hatred to the Jews was almost universal. They could not be owners of land nor could they prosecute Christians in the law courts for wrongs done to them. They were bought and sold like cattle, and were often compelled to wear a distinctive dress. They could not marry without the blessing of a Christian priest In some countries they were branded upon the face. After being stripped of all their lands, they were excluded

from all trades and useful callings, and were thus forced to become money-lenders. During the wars of the Crusades they were robbed, murdered, and mutilated in a wholesale manner, and their houses burnt over their heads even in London, in the district called Jewry. Many became wandering beggars, having no peaceful abiding place and rest for their feet. It was not until the year 1858 that Jews were allowed to sit in the British Parliament and occupy places of honour in the Government, so bitter even in tolerant England was the dislike and distrust of this ancient and industrious, but unfortunate, race. Since then, one of Queen Victoria's prime ministers was found in a man of Jewish blood and extraction; and to-day some of the most influential and trusted citizens are of this once despised and hunted race.

I.—CHARACTERS OF ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK.—THE BITTER RELATIONS BETWEEN JEW AND CHRISTIAN.

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice; he was a usurer who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice. And Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings; which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit of doing courtesies.

II.—BASSANIO'S LOVE FOR LADY PORTIA.—HIS APPEAL TO ANTONIO, A FRIEND IN NEED.

He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small estate, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a marriage with a wealthy lady, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate. But not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the suiter of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shown him by lending him three thousand ducats.

III.—ANTONIO VISITS SHYLOCK, HIS ENEMY.—THE 3,000 DUCATS (£500).

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon an interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the

merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, "*Shylock, do you hear? will you lend me the money?*"

IV.—SHYLOCK RETORTS UPON ANTONIO AND ACCUSES HIM OF INSULTING HIM.

To this question the Jew replied, "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often have you railed at me about my monies and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spurned me with your foot, as if I was a cur. Well, then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me, and say, '*Shylock, lend me monies.*' Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, 'Fair sir, you spat upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you monies?'" Antonio replied, "*I am as like to call you so again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as a friend, but rather lend it to me as an enemy, that if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty.*"

V.—SHYLOCK'S ASSUMED KINDNESS.—THE BORROWING OF THE DUCATS.—THE BARGAIN IS MADE.

"Why, look you," said Shylock, "How you storm! I would be friends with you and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him three thousand ducats and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond that, if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"*Content,*" said Antonio: "*I will sign this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew.*"

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign such a bond for him; and still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break this day, what should I gain by the execution of this forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy this favour I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport. This action was against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like that his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake.

VI.—BASSANIO AT BELMONT.—THE RICH HEIRESS, PORTIA, RECEIVES HIM.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was most lovable, attractive, and not inferior to gentle Portia, the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept him for a husband.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the courteous lady who so honoured him by anything but broken words of devotion and thankfulness; and accepting a ring which Portia offered him, he vowed never to part with it.

VII.—EVIL TIDINGS FROM THE SEA.—BASSANIO TELLS PORTIA ALL THE EVIL THREATENING HIS FRIEND ANTONIO.—HER GOODNESS OF HEART.

But the happiness of Portia and Bassanio was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale. On inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, Bassanio told Portia of what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day. Then Bassanio read Antonio's letter; the words of which were, "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "Oh, my dear Bassanio," said Portia, "despatch the business and be gone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money. That same day they were married, and Bassanio set out with great haste for Venice, where he found his good friend Antonio in prison, by order of Shylock, his creditor.

VIII.—THE DAY OF PAYMENT HAS COME AND GONE.—SHYLOCK DEMANDS THE PENALTY.—PORTIA'S DEVICE TO SAVE HER HUSBAND'S FRIEND, ANTONIO.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio now at once offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try the shocking cause before the duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheerfully to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned. Yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend. She at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak, as a lawyer or advocate, in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law. To this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

IX.—PORTIA, DISGUISED, ARRIVES AT THE COURT ROOM IN VENICE.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk. Setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario. In it that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

X.—IN VENICE.—THE FAMOUS TRIAL SCENE.—THE ACCUSED, THE ACCUSER, AND THE ACCUSATION.—PORTIA'S APPEAL FOR MERCY TO THE JEW.—SHYLOCK HARDENS HIS HEART.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked round her, and she saw the merciless Jew. She also saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock. Allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy* as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and that mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave and him that received it; that it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice: and she bade Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "*Is he not able to pay the money?*" asked Portia.

XI.—BASSANIO'S OFFER TO PAY THE MONEY.—THE REFUSAL.

Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire. As Shylock refused, and still insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law a little to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favour, and he said, "*A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honour you! How much elder are you than your looks!*"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it she said, "*This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may legally claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart.*" Then she said to Shylock, "*Be merciful; take the money, and bid me tear the bond.*" But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show: and he said, "By my soul I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."

XII.—ANTONIO TO PREPARE HIS BOSOM FOR THE KNIFE.

"*Why, then, Antonio,*" said Portia, "*you must prepare your bosom for the knife;*" and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "*Have you anything to say?*" Antonio, with a calm resignation, replied that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you."

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

XIII.—THE SCALES TO WEIGH THE POUND OF FLESH ARE READY AT HAND.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "*Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death.*" Shylock, whose whole interest was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "*It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity.*" To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "*Then,*" said Portia, "*a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast.*" Shylock sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "*Come, prepare!*"

XIV.—HOW THE TABLES ARE TURNED UPON THE JEW.—HOW HIS DESIGN IS THWARTED BY PORTIA'S WIT.

Portia had so long delayed telling Shylock of the penalty he had incurred, as she wished to draw out any spark of kindliness in him. At last, said Portia, "*Tarry a little, Jew, there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'* If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your lands and goods are by the laws to be confiscated to the state of Venice." Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond saved the life of Antonio.

XV.—IT IS NOW SHYLOCK'S TURN TO PLEAD FOR MERCY.

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly, there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty; therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood; nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate." "*Give me my money, and let me go,*" said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio: "Here it is."

XVI.—SHYLOCK'S WEALTH IS CONFISCATED.—HIS LIFE IS PARDONED ON CONDITIONS.

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "*That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state.*"

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "*I am ill. Let me go home: send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter.*" "Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

XVII.—ANTONIO'S RELEASE.—BASSANIO THANKS THE YOUNG AND UNKNOWN LAWYER.

The duke now released Antonio and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke, turning to Antonio, added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "*And we shall stand indebted to you over and above,*" said Antonio, "*in love and service evermore.*" Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money, but at once left for her home at Belmont.

XVIII.—THE HASTY RETURN HOME TO BELMONT.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, her maid, "*That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world.*"

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of Bassanio, who soon followed them accompanied by Antonio. Then Bassanio presented his dear friend to the lady Portia, who congratulated and welcomed him to her house after his sore trial.

XIX.—PORTIA DISCLOSES ALL.—GOOD NEWS FROM THE SEA FOR ANTONIO.

Then Portia disclosed how she was the young counsellor at the trial, and that Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that his friend Antonio's life was saved.

Portia next, to his surprise, gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands. These contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued.

Persons in the Play:—SHYLOCK, *the Jewish Money-Lender;* ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice;* BASSANIO, *a Nobleman and friend to Antonio;* PORTIA, *an heiress, afterwards Bassanio's wife;* NERISSA, *Portia's maid;* THE DUKE, *as Judge;* GRATIANO, *a friend of* ANTONIO'S. SCENE—*A Court in Venice.*

THE FAMOUS TRIAL SCENE.—PORTIA'S SKILFUL PLEADING.

SCENE—*A Court of Justice in Venice.*
[*Enter* PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*]

I.—PORTIA ARRIVES DISGUISED AS A LAWYER.

Duke. Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?
Por. I do, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name. 10
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
[*To* ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that. 19

II.—PORTIA SPEAKS OF MERCY.—HER APPEAL TO SHYLOCK TO SHOW MERCY.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself; 31
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. 41
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

III.—BASSANIO OFFERS TO PAY TEN TIMES THE SUM.

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel Shylock of his will. 53
Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent.
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's twice thy money offer'd thee.

IV.—SHYLOCK HARDENS HIS HEART.—HE REFUSES PORTIA'S OFFER.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound; I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

V.—THE JUDGMENT DEMANDED BY ANXIOUS ANTONIO.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

VI.—PREPARING FOR THE KNIFE.—THE SCALES ARE READY, BUT NO SURGEON TO STOP THE BLEEDING.

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?
"*Nearest his heart:*" those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?

VII.—ANTONIO BIDS BASSANIO FAREWELL.—SHYLOCK IS IMPATIENT.

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would sacrifice them all
To deliver you.

Shy. [*Aloud.*] We trifle time: I pray thee, pronounce sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The law awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come prepare!

VIII.—TARRY A LITTLE.—HOW PORTIA OUTWITS SHYLOCK'S MALICE.

Por. Tarry a little: there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a "*pound of flesh.*"
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

IX. — THE TABLES ARE TURNED. — SHYLOCK NOW WILLING TO TAKE MONEY AND GO.

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

X.—PORTIA REFUSES HIM PRINCIPAL OR INTEREST.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court!
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word!
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

XI.—THE LAWS OF VENICE AND ALIENS.—IT IS SHYLOCK'S TURN TO SUE FOR MERCY.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seeks the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

XII.—THE VERDICT.—THE DUKE PRONOUNCES SENTENCE.—SHYLOCK'S WEALTH IS CONFISCATED.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it;
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine. 184

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio? 189

XIII.—ANTONIO PLEADS FOR SHYLOCK.—HIS LIFE IS SPARED ON CONDITIONS.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use to render it,
Upon his death, upon the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court of all he dies possessed, [200
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

XIV.—SHYLOCK GOES HOME, BAFFLED, HUMILIATED, AND ENRAGED.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say!

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it. 208

[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*

Questions on the Play for Composition Exercises.

1.—Why did Antonio borrow money of Shylock? On what conditions was it lent?

2.—What example of friendship is there in the play? How was it shown?

3.—What is justice? Why are Courts of Justice needed? What is the work of the judge, jury, witnesses, and counsel at a trial?

4.—What is mercy? How can it be shown? What is said about it in this scene?

5.—What expressions in the play show you the feelings of Jews towards Christians?

6.—Who was Portia? Describe her husband. How did they act on receiving Antonio's letter?

7.—In what ways did Portia show her devotion to him? What good qualities did she possess?

8.—Why ought we to pity Shylock in spite of his bitterness?

9.—How were Jews treated in former times?

10.—How was Antonio delivered from his enemy?

11.—(1) Which do you regard as some of the most beautiful passages in the play? (2). Which do you find difficult to understand?

12.—Describe shortly, in your own words, the scene in the court, the judge, counsel, accuser, accused, the accusation, the evidence, the pleadings, and the verdict Why did Portia delay so long before passing sentence and warning Shylock not to shed a drop of blood?

SCENES FROM THE PLOT AGAINST "JULIUS CÆSAR."

WHAT THESE SCENES ARE ABOUT.

THE CHIEF PERSONS, INCIDENTS, AND SPEECHES.

I.—THE ROMANS KEEP HIGH HOLIDAY (44 B.C.).—THE CELEBRATION OF CÆSAR'S TRIUMPHS OVER POMPEY.

In this, the first selection from one of Shakspeare's most perfect historical plays, we notice that high holiday is being kept in Rome (44 B.C.) The streets are crowded with citizens, all eager to honour the mighty Cæsar, recently returned from a victorious campaign against the sons of his great rival Pompey, who had opposed Cæsar and provoked a civil war.

But some of the most influential men in the state are growing jealous and suspicious of Cæsar's increasing popularity, as he has now all the authority and influence of an emperor, and many suspect him of seeking the title also.

In the opening scene Marullus, a Roman officer, is seen reproaching the fickle and idle work-people who are off to attend the games and sports held on the occasion of an ancient carnival called the Lupercalia. He reproves them for rejoicing at a victory gained over one who was formerly one of their most honoured leaders.

Among the leading men most jealous of Cæsar's power, and suspicious of his intentions, was a scheming and fiery general named Caius Cassius, a man of envious nature, who bore a great hatred towards tyrants who threatened to interfere with the liberties of the Roman people. The feeling of alarm and uncertainty about Cæsar's intentions was fanned into a flame among the nobles.

Cassius formed a conspiracy against Cæsar, and was anxious to draw the esteemed and noble Brutus into it, as he was a man of influence and honesty.

While Cæsar is passing in triumph through the cheering citizens, Cassius seizes the opportunity to talk with Brutus, in order to sound his feelings. He cautiously and craftily discloses his own secret jealousy and dislike of Cæsar, and his alarms for the future peace of Rome. He then belittles the fame of Cæsar, and hints that Brutus is a much superior man for a leader.

II.—THE PLOT THICKENS.—THE CRAFTY TONGUE OF CASSIUS.—BRUTUS JOINS THE CONSPIRACY.

After listening to the speech of Cassius, Brutus confesses that he, too, has sometimes had the same thoughts, and promises to think carefully over and weigh well what Cassius has been hinting at; but their conversation is interrupted by the re-appearance of Cæsar and his train, for the games and sports are ended. As they pass, Brutus plucks Casca, a friend, by the sleeve, and enquires why Cæsar's looks are so sad. Casca tells him that Mark Antony had offered Cæsar a crown three times, and that he had thrice refused it, though with evident regret, and further, that every time he refused it the people shouted in approval. He said that Cæsar was sad because he saw that they did not wish him to be king.

Cassius, pondering deeply over all these things, goes home firmly resolved to fan into a flame the little spark of envy and distrust of Cæsar which he has discovered in the breast of the pure-minded and unselfish patriot Brutus. He craftily plans to throw in at Brutus' window certain papers, in different handwritings, as if they came from different persons, all calling upon him to become the champion of

the people against the designing and ambitious Cæsar, whose fame overshadows all others.

III.—HOW CÆSAR WAS MURDERED.—THE INGRATITUDE OF HIS PRETENDED FRIENDS.

A month passed away, during which Cassius and his fellow conspirators, Cinna, Cimber, Trebonius, and others (said to have been nearly sixty in all) held many meetings, completed their plans for the butchery of the foremost man in Rome, and at last succeeded in adding the noble and trusted Brutus to their band.

The Ides of March, the 15th of the month, were drawing near, the very day of which, on the occasion of his triumph, a soothsayer in the crowd had told Cæsar to beware.

Calpurnia, the wife of Cæsar, tried to dissuade him from going to the Senate House on that day, as she said she had had unpleasant dreams. At first Cæsar consented to remain at home, as he was not well. On hearing of this, the conspirators sent Cæsar's own familiar friend, whom he most trusted, to ridicule the idea of the business of the State being hindered by a woman's foolish fears and dreams, and Cæsar went as usual unarmed to his death. Though many friends had warned him to beware of traitors, he disdained the worst his enemies could do to him rather than vex himself with thinking of them. When the Senators had gathered round him, Cassius stabbed him in the neck. Looking round him, Cæsar saw quite a ring of daggers stretched forth to complete the butchery. Drawing his gown over his head, Cæsar sank down without uttering another word.

IV.—WHAT FOLLOWED THE MURDER.—THE RAGE OF THE PEOPLE.—THE MURDERERS FLEE FROM ROME.—THE FOLLY AND FRUITLESSNESS OF THE MURDER.—THE DEATHS OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Amidst shrieks and confusion the Senators rushed into the Forum or open space of meeting. Men, women, and children, on hearing that Cæsar was dead, fled in wild fear and amazement to their homes. Brutus, Cassius, and the other murderers, boastfully crying that the tyrant was dead and Rome was free, hurried off. They expected that the Roman mob would be caught by their cry of "Liberty," and would bless them as the deliverers of their country from an ambitious tyrant In the Forum Brutus and Cassius afterwards addressed the knots of citizens, and endeavoured to satisfy them that they had slain Cæsar, not for private hatred or selfish interest, but to benefit the Roman citizens and restore the lost liberties of Rome. The people, however, listened coldly, and showed few signs of approval, until, with the consent of Brutus, Mark Antony, a friend of Cæsar's, was permitted to deliver a speech in praise of Cæsar's life and character, and his great services to Rome. As the skilful orator artfully and repeatedly referred to Cæsar's unselfishness, liberality, patriotism, honesty, and mercifulness, pointed to his wounds, and showed the will, the feelings of the crowd (previously called stones, hard hearts, and cruel men of Rome) were so worked upon that they burst into shouts and threats, and cursed the conspirators. The body was burnt, and the remains were collected with affectionate care and deposited in the tomb of the Cæsars He was only 56 years of age at his death. Cæsar was dead, but the spirit and influence of Cæsar still lived. He whom his enemies abroad could not kill was slain at home by pretended and false friends. In history there is no more striking instance of treachery and ingratitude. The

murder was foolish and fruitless in its results to the conspirators, who were compelled to fly to other countries, where they were pursued and slain by the new rulers, Antony and the young Octavius, a relative whom he had named in his will as his heir. Brutus and Cassius fled to Asia Minor, where they committed suicide, rather than be captured by their countrymen.

Persons in the Drama:—JULIUS CÆSAR, *Dictator of Rome and Consul;* MARK ANTONY, *a Friend and Successor of* CÆSAR'S; MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, *Roman Nobles and Conspirators;* MARULLUS *and* FLAVIUS, *Roman Officers; the People of Rome, a Soothsayer or Prophet.*

Scenes: (1). *The Streets of Rome; the Forum or Public Square; the Capitol or Senate House.* (2). *The Plains of Sardis in Asia Minor, where* CÆSAR'S *death was avenged by* OCTAVIUS *and* ANTONY, *who defeated the forces of* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Selection I.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.—THE PLOTTERS BEGIN THEIR WORK.

ACT I. SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

[*Enter* FLAVIUS *and* MARULLUS, *Officers, and a rabble of Citizens.*]

I.—THE ROMAN OFFICERS REPROVE THE PEOPLE'S FICKLENESS AND IDLENESS.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday?
Speak, what trade art thou?
1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, I am but, as you would say, a mender of soles.
Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade.
2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir,[1] I can mend you.
Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?
2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.
Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?
2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.[1]

II.—POMPEY'S DEPARTED GLORY.—HIS FORMER TRIUMPHS.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquests brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things,
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

[1] *Be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir.* "Out" is here used to express, first, "out of temper;" secondly, "out at toes."

[1] *Rejoice in his triumph.* This was in celebration of his having defeated the sons of Pompey at the battle of Munda, in Spain; and of his having been appointed Consul for the next ten years, and Dictator for life.

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass[1] the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?[2]
Be gone?
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

III.—THE MARKS OF CÆSAR'S TRIUMPHS TO BE REMOVED.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I; disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.[3]

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.[1]

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.[2] I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers, pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

[*Enter in procession, with music,* CÆSAR, ANTONY, CASCA: *a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*]

IV.—THE PROCESSION.—CÆSAR WARNED TO BEWARE OF ASSASSINS.

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, "*Cæsar.*" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March,[3]

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[1] *Pass.* Used for "pass along" or "pass through."

[2] *Pompey's blood.* "Pompey's sons;" the elder of whom, Cnæus Pompey, was beheaded after the battle of Munda, fought March 17, 45 B.C.

[3] *Ceremonies.* "Ceremonial adornments;" which consisted of "scarfs," or coloured draperies.

[1] *The feast of Lupercal.* The "Lupercal" was an enclosure on the Palatine hill, dedicated to the celebration of a festival in honour of the god Pan, which was held each February. This festival was called Lupercalia, and its priests Luperci.

[2] *Images.* Statues and busts decked with trophies, scarfs, and laurel wreaths to flatter Cæsar.

[3] *Beware the ides of March.* The ides (Idus) of the Roman Kalendar fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October; and on the 13th of the other eight months The feast of Lupercal was celebrated on the 13th (or Ides) of February; and on the present occasion in the year B.C. 44.

Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass. 81
[*Exeunt all but* BRU. *and* CAS.

V.—CASSIUS CAUTIOUSLY THROWS OUT HINTS TO BRUTUS ABOUT THE PLOT.

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, which I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you. 92
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one).
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;[1]
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me? 105
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear.
[*Flourish and shout.*

VI.—CASSIUS MAGNIFIES CÆSAR'S WEAKNESS, AND BELITTLES HIS BODILY STRENGTH AND COURAGE.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death. 117
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.[1]
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself. 124
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well;[2] and we can both

[1] *Passion.* The word "passion" here, as "passions" in the previous speech, is used for "emotion," "feeling."

[1] *Your outward favour.* "Your external appearance."

[2] *We both have fed as well.* "Well fed" bears the signification of "well brought up," or "well trained."

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "*Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,[1]
Cæsar cried, "*Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*" 139
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,[2]
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tirèd Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him. 145

VII.—TO WIN OVER BRUTUS, THE WILY CASSIUS FURTHER UNDERRATES CÆSAR'S POWER AND MERITS.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend[1] doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "*Give me some drink, Titinius,*"[2]
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper[3] should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. 159
[*Flourish and shout.*

[1] *Ere we could arrive the point propos'd.* Here "arrive" is used actively, without the "at" or "in" which usually accompanies the word.

[2] *Æneas, our great ancestor.* The Romans traced their origin from the settlement of the Trojan Prince, Æneas, in Italy.

[1] *Bend.* Here used to express a stern look turned upon the object of wrath.

[2] *Titinius.* Cassius's faithful adherent.

[3] *Temper.* Here used for "temperament," "constitutional quality."

Selection II.

THE OFFERING OF THE CROWN TO CÆSAR.

I. — JEALOUSY OF CÆSAR'S GROWING POWER. — HIS DEEDS DISPARAGED AND MOTIVES MISCONSTRUED.

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus[1]; and we petty men

[1] *Like a Colossus.* In allusion to the colossal brass statue at Rhodes, which formed the entrance to the harbour, bestriding it from side to side. So vast was the figure's size, that ships in full sail could pass between the outstretched legs, and its height was 70 cubits, or 105 feet. It was esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

II.—CASSIUS' HATRED AND FEARS OF CÆSAR'S TYRANNY.—HE CRAFTILY COMPARES BRUTUS WITH CÆSAR.

Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,[1]
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man!
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,[2]
When there is in it but one only man.

[1] *Since the great flood.* In reference to the Deluge sent by Jupiter when Deucalion reigned in Thessaly.

[2] *Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough.* Here Shakspeare gives the pronunciation to "Rome" which affords a play upon the word in connection with "room."

III.—BRUTUS PROMISES TO REFLECT UPON THE WORDS OF CASSIUS.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;[1]
How have I thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew[2] upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

IV.—THE PROCESSION RETURNS.—CASCA IS CALLED ASIDE AND QUESTIONED ABOUT THE CROWN.

[*Re-enter* CÆSAR *and his train, who pass on.*]

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.
Bru. I will do so.
[CASCA *stays behind.*
Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?
Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

[1] *Aim.* Here used for "guess," "surmise," "conjecture."

[2] *Chew.* "Ruminate," "deliberately consider."

That Cæsar looks so sad.
Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

V.—HONOURS SHOWERED UPON CÆSAR.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him; and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.
Bru. What was the second noise for?
Casca. Why, for that too,
Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.
Cas. Who offered him the crown?
Casca. Why, Antony.
I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.
Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
Casca. No, I am promised forth.[1]
Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cas. Good; I will expect you.
Casca. Do so: farewell both.
[*Exit.*

[1] *I am promised forth.* "I am under a promise to go out," "I am engaged elsewhere."

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.
Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise.
Bru. And so he is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.

VI.—THE PLOT THICKENS.—THE HELP OF BRUTUS IS NECESSARY.—THE WRITINGS THROWN IN AT HIS WINDOW.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd:[1] therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
I will this night
In several hands,[2] in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit.*

[1] *From that it is dispos'd.* "From that to which it is disposed."
[2] *In several hands.* "In different handwritings."

Selection III.

THE ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR.

MARK ANTONY'S FAMOUS SPEECH IN CÆSAR'S PRAISE AND DEFENCE.

I.—HIS SCORNFUL REFERENCES TO THE ASSASSINS.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious :
And Brutus is an honourable man.

II.—PROOFS THAT CÆSAR WAS NOT AMBITIOUS OR A TYRANT. — HIS PITIFULNESS, UNSELFISHNESS, AND SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGNS.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious :
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause.
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

III.—THE FICKLE MULTITUDE. — THE POWER AND EFFECT OF ANTONY'S ARTFUL ELOQUENCE.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

IV.—THE WILL OF CÆSAR IS ARTFULLY PRODUCED.—HOW HIS MEMORY WILL BE HONOURED BY POSTERITY.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now, lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found in his closet;—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

V.—THE PEOPLE GROW CLAMOROUS AND IMPATIENT TO HEAR THE WILL.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!

Citizens. The will! The testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[ANTONY *comes down.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back; room; bear back.

VI.—THE RENTS AND DAGGER MARKS AND THE FEROCITY OF THE MURDERERS.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii;—[1]
Look, in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made.

VII.—REFERENCE TO BRUTUS.

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,

[1] *The Nervii.* A number of small tribes around the river Scheldt, whose territory afterwards became known as Belgium. The defeat to which Antony alludes formed one of Cæsar's famous victories.

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood,[1] great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst foulest treason flourish'd over us.

VIII. — HOW ANTONY SWAYS THEIR FEELINGS AND KEEPS BACK THE WILL.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!
2 Cit. O noble Cæsar!
3 Cit. O woful day!
4 Cit. O traitors, villains!
2 Cit. We will be revenged: revenge, —about, —seek, —burn, —fire, —kill, —slay, —let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private grief they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it, they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

IX. — THE PERSUASIVE POWER OF FORCIBLE SPEECH.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizens. We'll mutiny.
1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
3 Cit. Away, then! come seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

[1] *Which all the while ran blood.* North's "Plutarch" says, "Against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a goare bloud."

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of. [156
Citizens. Most true; the will; let's stay and hear the will.

X.—THE WILL IS READ AT LAST.—CÆSAR'S BEQUESTS TO THE ROMANS.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal;
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.[1]
2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.
3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
Citizens. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another? 170

XI.—THE CROWD IS INFLAMED AGAINST THE MURDERERS. THE BODY IS BURNT AND REVERENTLY BURIED.

1 *Cit.* Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,[1]
And with the brands fire the traitor's houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Cit.* Go fetch fire.
3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.
4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[*Exeunt* CITIZENS, *with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work; mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!— [179

[1] *Drachmas.* The drachma was worth four sesterces; about sevenpence.

[1] *In the holy place.* "In consecrated ground." The place where a body was buried was held sacred by the Romans, but not the place where it was burned.

QUESTIONS ON THE PLAY FOR COMPOSITION EXERCISES.

1.—Why was Cæsar murdered? Who took the chief part in it? What followed it? Show how fruitless it was.

2.—What did Antony praise most in Cæsar's life and character? What did he say about Cæsar's will? Why did he read it?

3.—Name three actions in his speech which showed his artfulness in moving the mob to pity and then to violence.

4.—Why did Brutus take part in the conspiracy? How did Cassius win him to join?

5.—What words of Brutus showed that he did not act from private spite or selfishness?

6.—Why was Cassius so anxious to gain the help of Brutus? What were the hints he first threw out to Brutus?

7.—How lightly did Cassius speak to Brutus of Cæsar's strength of mind and bodily courage? Why did he so belittle Cæsar's character?

8.—What passages show the fiery and scheming nature of Cassius, and his dislike of Cæsar?

9.—What other famous speech have you in this book? In what ways is it different from Antony's?

10.—Why were the people of Rome called "Stones, senseless things, and hard hearts?" Did they deserve these names?

11.—What passages (1) do you admire most; (2), find difficult to understand; (3), rouse your pity; (4), make you despise treachery and ingratitude?

12.—Describe the behaviour of the crowd as Antony spoke to them of Cæsar.

13.—Show the differences in the deaths of Samson the Wrestler and Julius Cæsar.

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To think in part